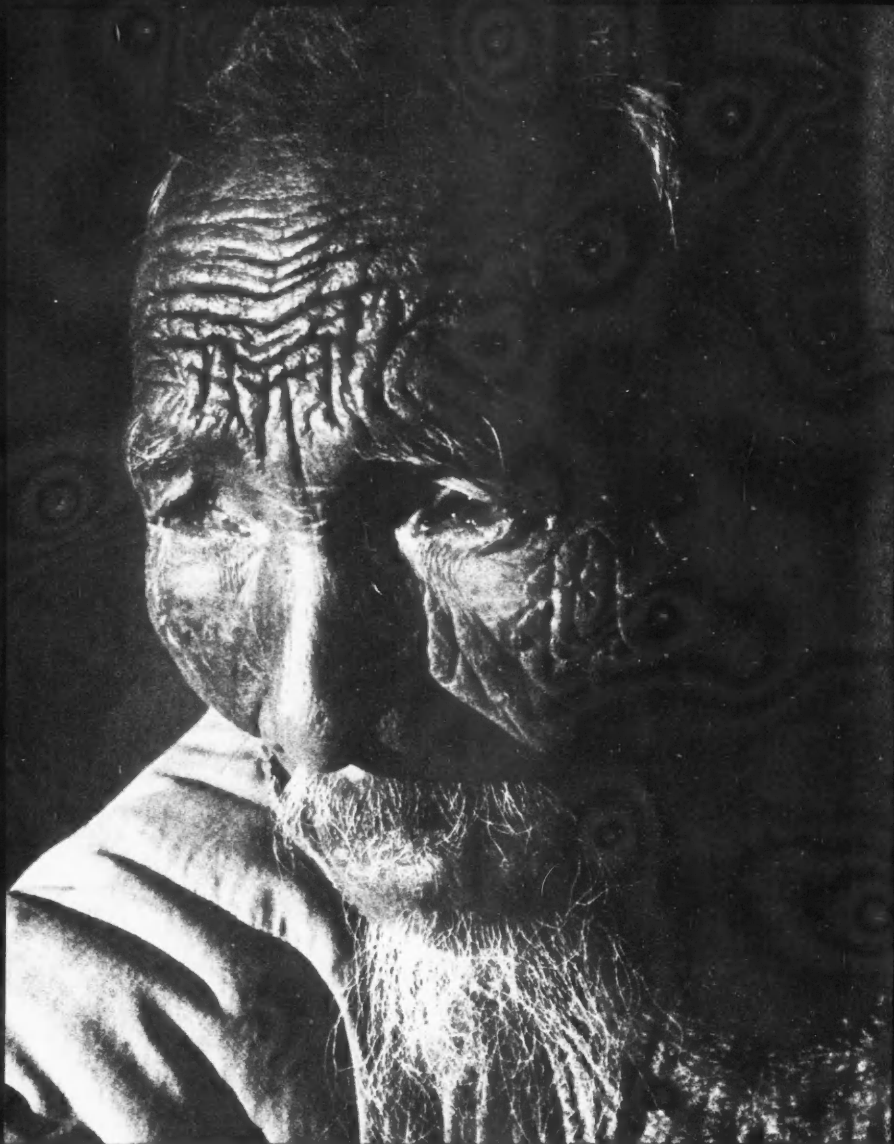


Maryknoll

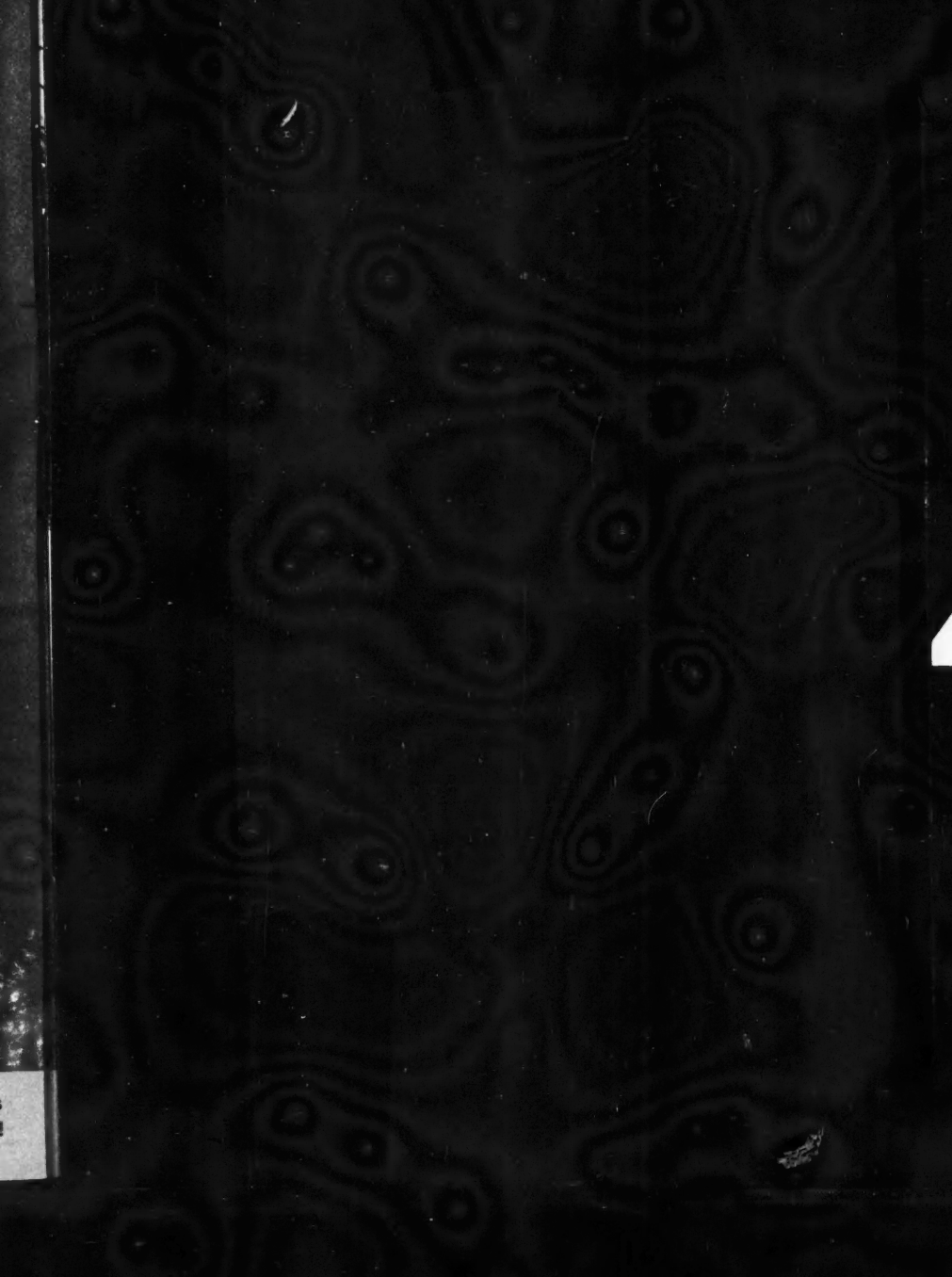
THE FIELD AFAR



JANUARY 1950



"Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation." And what dim eyes has this Chinese Simeon!







WORLD of the WEAK

Poverty and suffering
in the backwoods

by John J. Considine

WHAT is this Latin America in which you and I are so keenly interested?

We have been reminded a hundred times that it is no homogenous unit that fits neatly into any single pigeonhole. It is, like every other



Throughout Latin America's immense wilderness of mountain and jungle, destitution holds relentless sway

major region over the earth, a world of the weak and a world of the strong; a world of backward peoples and a world of keen, alert, forward-looking, progressive peoples. It is a complex world, and we shall blunder badly if we try to conceive it in any other fashion.

The world of the strong, in the countries to the south of us, is a world that possesses cultural and spiritual breadth and depth second to none among all the peoples of our planet. Let no North American be so foolish as to assume an attitude of superiority toward the Latin American of this world of the strong as far as concerns his possession of the gifts of life.

But let us glimpse at the world of the weak. This world, out of Latin America's hundred and forty million, numbers possibly ninety million men and women, who live deployed throughout a limitless countryside, in jungles, and in the side streets of many cities.

Recently I had occasion to journey some six hundred miles by launch on the Beni River, in the Bolivian lowlands within the Amazon watershed. On our second day out, the Maryknoller in charge saw a little settlement near the riverbank, and pulled into the shore.

"Any chickens?" yelled our cook.

"No," came the answer from a

group of men on the water's edge.

"Any eggs?"

"No."

"Any melons or other vegetables?"

"No."

"Anything at all to sell?"

"Not a thing!"

With that answer, our boat moved away.

"They seemed

rather unfriendly," I remarked.

"No," said one of my companions, "they really meant it. It happens that some of these settlements not only have nothing to sell, but even suffer seriously from food shortage at times."

One of our mistaken notions about tropic soil in general is that it is immensely rich. Actually the nourishment has been leached out of much of it by heavy rains, and great quantities of fertilizer would be necessary to renew it. Then there are other huge problems, such as many weeds and many pests.

In consequence, agriculture in the four million square miles of the Amazon Valley is in most places very difficult. Sustenance farming of a poor variety is carried on, but large-scale production has never yet succeeded. No wonder that the watery Valley of the Amazon is a "desert land" so far as population is concerned, with an average of one human being to every two square miles!

On a different occasion, I found

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



Among Chile's poor, huge tasks await such priests as Father Morrissette

myself sitting with a young man twenty years of age, in a little house in Macusani, in the high Andes of southern Peru. I had come over the road some two hundred miles from Puno, the provincial city on Lake Titicaca, which at 12,500 feet is the highest large body of water in the world. We had driven over passes that rose to 16,000 feet, in a wild plateau country of alpacas and llamas and vicunas. It is Indian country, in which very few non-Indians live.

Now this timid youth in this miserable hut of adobe-and-thatch surprised me by saying: "I think I

should like to study, Padre. I think I might go to school and perhaps become a dentist."

Simple enough words, if uttered in many another region of Latin America but in the Indian areas of the Andes, they were extraordinary. For these Indians usually do not study. They are Indians — the Aymara and Quechua descendants of the Inca peoples of the past. Millions of mountain Indians, still possess a world of their own, which follows the length of the mighty Andes chain into the Rocky Mountain chain of North America, from Chile to the northern

borders of Mexico. The European and the Indian have merged in the Andean and Middle American republics, and we find today the vigorous citizens of a new world that is neither European nor Indian, but a distinct entity in its own right. Nevertheless, a great Indian world remains, for the most part inarticulate; and in surveying Latin America, it cannot be ignored.

Latin America's world of the weak is not limited to the countryside. I recall sad sights in the poor districts of its great cities — Santiago, Lima, Bogota, Mexico City, Caracas, and others. I recall the bitterness of Evangelisto Gonzales, who lives on Observatory Hill in the poorest section of Caracas.

"Are you able to make a living here, Gonzales?" I asked, as I sat in his shack with him and his mother.

"Padre, Venezuela is a country where the rich live well and the poor live very poorly. I am a Venezuelan, but I am not proud of my country. People ask us why we are Communists in this quarter. The answer is simple: because we are angry with the men who keep us poor. We like the people who try to help us. But some day we will destroy the men who make us suffer!"

Gonzales has lots of company in Latin America — lots more than he and his companions realize. It will take only the spark of leadership that communism is giving to the poor,

the desperate, the harassed, the bitter, the world over, to make Gonzales and his companions strong. There is only one conclusive answer to the Communists; and that is, to take from under their feet the arguments on which they stand, to change the social philosophy that breeds complacency in the face of poverty and disease and ignorance. Latin America, along with the rest of the world, has its share of such complacency.

We must work for the accomplishment of good, rather than merely against unsound ideologies. It would be regrettable, it seems to me, to engage in a simple anti-Communist movement. Catholics possess far too much potentially in the way of a positive, aggressive, world program to waste precious energies on a wholly negative plan of merely talking against communism. Let us fight communism by building a powerfully strong and superbly admirable Christian society.

Our finest contribution to Latin America is to go there ourselves. In some areas lay helpers are needed as teachers, as medical and social workers. For the most part, however, full-fledged missionaries are required. It does no man any harm to say to himself, "I am rich — I have a life to give," and then to ask himself quite directly if he would like to give this life of his for his fellows in Latin America.

Missionary Palm Nuts and Cotton. For Mission Day, the new Catholics of the Belgian Congo co-operated enthusiastically to give the Faith to others. In one village, the school children gathered four tons of palm nuts, which were sold to dealers. Other Christians donated part of their cotton harvest.

A Walk around Kongmoon

Ask a Chinese
in your neighborhood
where he comes from.
Odds are that
his home was once
near Toishan,
in Maryknoll's
Kongmoon Mission.
Here's a peek
at his homeland.



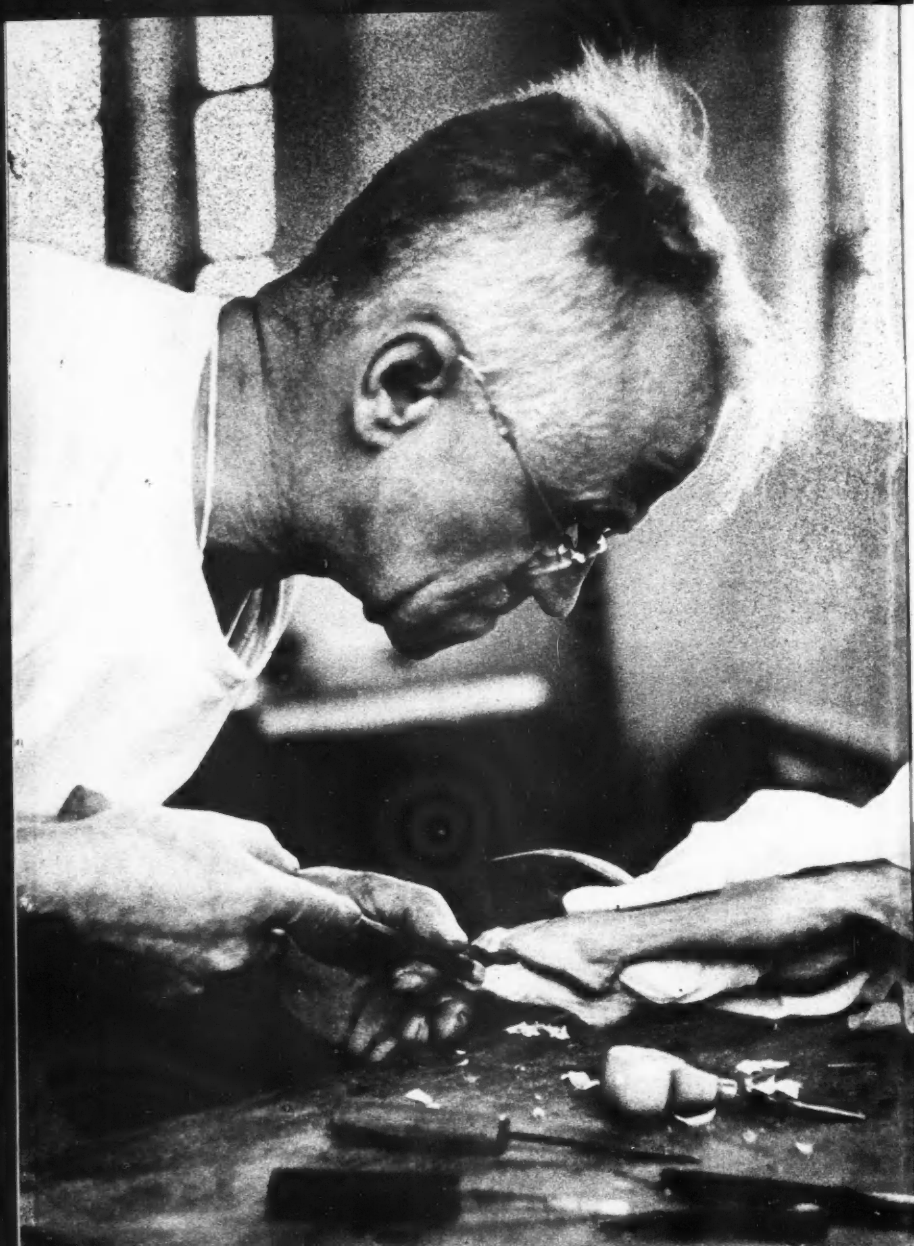


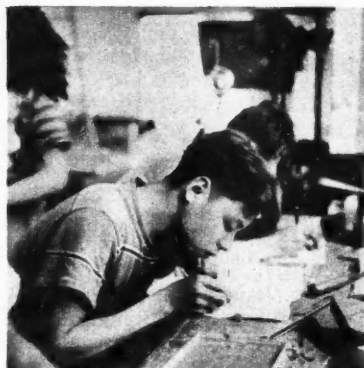
River Gate

KONGMOON means "River Gate," and Kongmoon City, from which the diocese gets its name, is on the Pearl River. The mission sprawls along the South China seacoast covering a region equal in population and area to the state of Ohio. The people here are for the most part farmers; but we have city dwellers, and fishermen along the coast in what is historical pirate country. Kongmoon is Maryknoll's first mission, and is now directed by Bishop Adolph J. Paschang of Missouri. In this mission we find Sancian Island, where St. Francis Xavier died while trying to reach the China mainland. Here, too, is the Maryknoll leper colony, and the thriving Boystown of the late Father Lawrence Conley. The lads in the upper right photo dwell in this Boystown. Above, we see a pageant by the orphans at Yeungkong. Kongmoon has other orphanages at Loting, Hoingan, Chikkai and Toishan; a hospital; and homes for old folks and the blind.

COLOR PHOTOS BY JOSEPH PULASKI AND MARK TENNIEN







BROTHER ALBERT'S TRADE SCHOOL

Some years ago, a young Swiss workman came to America seeking his fortune. Instead of money, he found Maryknoll. In 1921, as Brother Albert Staubli, he left America for China, and has been there ever since. He has built many of the mis-

sions of Kongmoon. Now he has opened a trade school for Chinese Catholic boys, to teach them carpentry and wood carving. At present, he and his boys are busy making the woodwork for the new Sancier Island Memorial Chapel.

PHOTOS BY CONSTANTINE BURNS



by Arthur Stabile, Jr.

WE ARE THE REVOLUTION

Saints and Popes have called for world revolt

FREDERICK ENGELS, co-founder of communism, in his book, *The Revolutionary Act*, published in London in 1895, pays a great tribute to the Catholic Church. He calls upon all Communists to copy the tactics of the early Christians. The Christian revolution of the early Church was much admired by him. It was held up as an example and pattern for the very effective techniques of the Communists today. We quote from Professor Engels:

"... Almost 1600 years ago, there was at work in the Roman Empire a dangerous revolutionary party. It undermined the pagan religion and it denied point-blank that the Emperor's will was the highest law. It was without fatherland. International, it spread out over the entire realm from Gaul to Asia and even beyond the borders of the Empire. It had long worked underground and in secrecy, but had for some time felt strong enough to come out

openly. It was strongly represented in the Army, entire legions in some sections. When they were commanded to attend sacrificial ceremonies of the pagan religion, the revolutionary soldiers went so far in their insolence as to fasten special symbols on their helmets. Disciplinary measures of their officers were ineffective. The Emperor Diocletian could no longer quietly look on and see how order and obedience were undermined in his Army. He promulgated a persecution law condemning all to death. Their meetings were stopped, meeting places closed or demolished, and Christian symbols were forbidden. They were declared unfit to hold office in the Senate, forbidden even their rights in Court, but this law was made ineffective. In defiance, they tore it from the walls. In return Nikomedia, the Emperor, revenged himself by means of a great persecution in the year 303 A.D. This was the last persecution of its kind. Seventeen years later the Army went over to the revolutionaries, and the next Emperor of the entire Roman Empire proclaimed Christianity the religion of the State."

This spirit of the early Christians is not dead. It has been preserved

The Catholic Interracialist has given us permission to reprint this article from the zealous pen of Arthur Stabile, Jr., Director of the Catholic Campaigners for Christ the King.

in the Church for two thousand years, by the real radicals, the saints of God. We do not advocate revolution for we are "the Revolution."

Ours is the revolt against the powers of darkness. Cardinal Suhard has said, "We are living in the midst of a world-wide social revolution."

Throughout the world, Christians are at work laying the foundation for a new social order based on the social teachings of the Church. But they represent a very small minority within the visible Church. The vast majority of Catholics rest inert within the Mystical Body of Christ, crippling its vitality, depriving it of growth, dimming its glory! We are busy about many things . . . and the voice of God Himself echoing in the words of the Supreme Pontiff throughout the Christian world falls on ears that will not hear. We, too, have a "party line," the immutable teachings of Christ Our King.

In his encyclical "*Divini Redemptoris*," Pius XI tells us: "Let us not fear the word *radical* or *revolution*, because we ourselves hold the most dynamic way of life in our hearts. Now is the hour, brethren, to battle for Christ in our schools, offices,

and homes. Let us show the world that we are Christian in thought, word, and action. . . ." And Cardinal Newman says: "Yes, my fathers,

my brothers, and if it be God's blessed will, not saints alone, not doctors only, not preachers only, shall be ours, but martyrs, too, shall conse-

crate the soil to God."

For fifty years the modern Popes, from Leo XIII to Our Holy Father, Pius XII, have sought to direct the Christian's mission on earth. In the words of Pius X, "the supreme end towards which all our efforts must converge is to establish the human race under the rule of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Pius XI forever defines the spirit of the Christian when he says: "Our faith sees the new heaven and the new earth described by our first predecessor, Saint Peter. While the promises of the false prophets of this earth melt away in blood and tears, the great Apocalyptic prophecy of the Redeemer shines forth in heavenly splendor: 'Behold! I make all things new.'"

American Catholics! Brethren! have you heard this call? Let us effect a creative revolution, based upon the charity of Christ under the direction of Our Holy Father, Pius XII.

Every Day of 1950

Maryknollers at home and overseas will pray for all our benefactors, both living and dead. This is our best expression of gratitude to you.

Winning Souls Is Not a Contest

"It is easy to make the mistake of regarding missionary endeavor as a kind of contest, a contest between ourselves and those who preach against Christ, or those who preach a misguided version. We are only seeking to bring the peace of Christ to all the peoples of the world. It is not a human contest; it is a divine vocation." — Rev. Thomas A. Donnellan, New York

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Maryknoll was hatched in a Propagation of the Faith office. When Father James Anthony Walsh took the position as Boston's S.P.F. Director, he had no idea that he would become the founder of a foreign-mission society.

Rather, he did what every zealous diocesan director has done before and since: he undertook to make his office as fruitful for mission aid as the local situation would permit. The local situation in Boston was particularly favorable, and young Father Walsh had a special flare for his work. Thus his office soon took first rank for fund raising among all Propagation offices in the world.

"Only yesterday," Father Walter Elliot, the famous Paulist, wrote to Father Walsh, in that pioneer period, "I read the good news that Boston heads all Catholic Christendom in contributing to the propagation of our holy Faith. Thanks be to God! I know that you will not let well enough alone, but will soon place the Church in America in the forefront of all Catholic missionary enterprise among the heathen."

The challenge was not lost on Father Walsh. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was established in very few dioceses in the United States at that time and Father Walsh yearned to spread the idea. Young though he was, he screwed up his

courage and wrote to Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, suggesting that he found a local branch. "If the S.P.F. were widely organized in America," Father Walsh explained, "I believe that a million dollars could be secured annually." A similar approach to Archbishop Farley led that prelate to name Father (later Bishop) John J. Dunn as New York's first S.P.F. Director.

Money alone no longer satisfied Father Walsh. He began to speak of supplying missionaries for overseas. He first broached the subject publicly in 1904, at a meeting, held in Washington, D. C., of the Missionary Union — an organization caring for scattered Catholics here at home.

"While conscious of the need of priests in most parts of our country," Father Walsh said in his address, "I believe that to send some of our young men and women to more remote districts would stimulate the vocations for home needs."

Soon Father Walsh the S.P.F. Director became Father Walsh the trainer of American foreign missionaries. Thus it is not surprising that Maryknoll feels so close to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; Maryknoll in a certain sense was an outgrowth of the S.P.F.





Workers in post-war Europe found hard-faced, steely-eyed young street Arabs who seemed completely at home with brutish misery. Missioners fight similar desperate wretchedness among the children of China's agonizing millions.

Sons of Misery

A YUCATAN LEGEND: LUCRECIA

IN FAR-OFF YUCATAN, they tell a tale of a beautiful maid whose attractions were so great that she captured the heart of every man who saw her. Her dancing, jet-black eyes and her alabaster skin were the toast of all the cavaliers for miles around. How many hearts she broke, how many swains she saddened, will never be known. Duels, dissensions, broken homes, broken hearts and heads, even death, followed in her train.

Her name was Lucrecia Gonzalez. The memory of her survives to this day, as a solemn warning to the young men of the land to beware of any maid who is too extravagantly beautiful and bewitching.

At the mention of her name, old women, even to this day, cross themselves to ward off a curse. Young girls turn their eyes downward and sigh — perhaps partly in envy of the beauty that ruled so many admirers.

In those olden days, when men were more chivalrous and women more beautiful, if possible, than in our own day, life was gracious on the great plantations of Yucatan. Loveliest of the lovely ladies there, was the fascinating Lucrecia. She was the toast of all the men, and the envy of all the women. Inevitably, she became the subject of tales that were

not to her credit, reputation-wise.

The gentlemen said that Lucrecia was a good girl. They thought she should be forgiven for being a little vain, because she had such great reason to be. They admitted she was a coquette, but said that she found harmless fun in bringing to his knees the most redoubtable old soldier. However, the ladies wouldn't let Lucrecia off so easily. The truth is, they said many things about her which were downrightly uncharitable.

They'd get together and whisper about Lucrecia behind their fans. Some said it couldn't be merely beauty that bewitched so many intelligent and honorable men. After all, their men folk were not strangers to woman's charm, to woman's grace. No! It must be something else. What strange power had this charmer which they did not have and which lured even to disgrace so many good men whose only delight was to bow low before the beauteous maiden, and kiss her dainty hand — and perhaps eventually her fair cheek. It was a strange power. Was it even that of a witch?

So the older women prayed that their husbands and sons would not fall into Lucrecia's snares and the young women prayed for their brothers and swains — but each hoped in her heart that she herself could have enough of such charm as Lucrecia's, to ensnare and hold one good man.

by Arthur F. Allie

AND THE DEVIL

At a great masked ball, given one evening in the palatial home of Don Suarez, all the wealth and grace and beauty of the community were gathered under a single roof. An orchestra softly playing behind palms accompanied the dancers through the graceful glides of a Viennese waltz. Gay conversation flowed around the grand ballroom like ripples on the shore of a peaceful lake. In those beautiful surroundings, everything was conducive to the joy of living.

Then Lucrecia entered (she timed her entrances dramatically, they said) leaning on the arm of her father, Don Basilio Gonzalez. In the splendid setting, she appeared more dazzling than ever. Instantly she was surrounded by a crowd of men, both young and old, each beseeching the honor and pleasure of a dance with her. Meanwhile, the forsaken senoras and señoritas returned to their places around the room and started whispering harder than ever about poor Lucrecia.

But the charmer was not in the least disturbed. She parried word for word with the young blades, and with her coyest smiles disarmed completely the old caballeros. Her face was only partly concealed; her eyes shone through the telltale slits in the little mask and cast their usual spells. She danced with one admirer after another, throughout the evening. But her conquests were too easy, she thought. All the young

men were her ready slaves, and many of the older men were more foolish than their sons! Would that there were some guest worthy of her skill — a cavalier whom she could not conquer quite so easily.

The night wore on, and Lucrecia decided that this ball, like all the others she had ever attended, would bring her no special adventure. Then she noticed a stranger enter the great hall. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, richly dressed in the costume of a Spanish knight. By far, he was the handsomest male figure in the room. At once the bored charmer saw an opportunity to add one more victim to her conquests. But from whence had the new guest come?

No one seemed to know anything about the strange knight; still, they all greeted him courteously, as was the custom. Lucrecia, with new game to stalk, exerted all her charms to attract him to her side. As she danced past, leaning flower-like on the arm of her partner, she glanced in the direction of the newcomer and gave him a winning smile and a coquettish nod of her head.



When the waltz terminated, the stranger advanced to where Lucrecia was standing, surrounded by her ever-present group of admirers. Bowing with all the grace of the most finished courtier, the newcomer asked her for the pleasure of a dance. Here was her chance! In her sweetest manner, she promised him the very next dance.

The music began again. The lights from the glistening, crystal chandeliers cast a mellow radiance over the elegant costumes. Lucrecia and the handsome stranger mingled with the other happy dancers. Never was seen a more striking pair! When the music stopped, the courtly stranger bowed, kissed her hand, and led Lucrecia to the open door, apparently to enjoy with her the view of the lovely patio, and to inhale together the fragrance of the summer night.

Suddenly, as they crossed the threshold, Lucrecia uttered a piercing scream. The stranger had taken off his mask. He was the Devil himself. A shudder ran through the startled crowd. It was as if a spell had been cast upon all the men and women present. Then the stranger

— the Devil himself! — lifted poor Lucrecia in his arms and disappeared into the dark night, laughing a mocking laugh that froze the blood of the onlookers.

Immediately the spell was broken. The ladies, frightened out of their wits, huddled together. The older men stood about to protect them, while daring young men roamed the grounds in search of Lucrecia, declaring they'd face the Devil any day to save that beautiful woman. But Lucrecia had disappeared completely.

From that night to this day, Lucrecia has been but a name. She never returned, never again was seen in the graceful patios or in the stately manor houses of Yucatan. Within a few years of her disappearance, her father died. Then one by one, the caballeros and ladies who had attended that fatal ball went on to their rewards. But the sad story of Lucrecia did not die with them. Each generation passed it on. Even now, in that region of Yucatan, people cross themselves as if to ward off a curse, when they tell the legend of the unfortunate charmer who strove to fascinate the Devil himself.

The Ghost and the Potatoes



The cook insisted that we had ghosts in the Paksha rectory. Certainly there were hideous sounds during the night, and for long the cook would go to bed only with the lamp lit. I investigated and saw the ghosts with my own eyes. From the top of the stairs in our loft, I watched great, fat rats pick up potatoes from our bin and shove them into their rat holes. The potatoes falling in the wall were the ghostly noises. The neighbor's husky cat sent the ghosts scampering.

— Father Russell Sprinkle, South China

An Avalanche of Babies

by Arthur E. Brown

HARVEST TIME DOWN here in Nuble, Chile, comes in the time of the year that is Spring in the United States. After the crops are in, the parents bring their babies to the church for baptism. Just after harvest I held a mission and at the end of it I expected many babies to put in their first appearance, but only five showed up.

Then the following week, when I had just about concluded that the Nuble population had taken a considerable drop, it happened. With the sweep of an avalanche, twenty-seven babies and fifty-four godparents fell upon me after Mass. It was a wailing day for the young ones. Some had waited since eight o'clock and it was after twelve when I bid adieu to the latest and youngest parishioner.

Speaking of baptisms, reminds me of one I performed at one of my mission stations recently. The ceremony took place in spite of the fact that the baby had lungs and really knew how to use them. The infant's mother used every bit of her ingenuity in an attempt to quiet the howls. The mother brought out her umbrella, opened it, first holding it over my head, then over the baby's head, and over everybody who had a head. Still the tiny girl cried. The mother got a little chicken from somewhere and showed that to her baby, talking all the time to the baby and the chicken in the same language, while I strived with the official tongue of the Church.





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MARGARET PERCE
IN MEMORY OF
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A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

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Two SKULLS will do it!

by Bernard Garrity



YESTERDAY, here in Cachucla-Esperanza, Bolivia, I really heard a new one. As I began listening to the woman who was visiting the rectory, I thought the poor soul had been out in the tropic sun too long. I told her I could not help her.

A couple of hours later, her husband appeared with the same request: two human skulls.

"What on earth do you want with two human skulls?" I pleaded.

"My woman was robbed of two pair of pants yesterday. We want you to lend us two skulls to get the pants back."

As the conversation was a little too confusing for me, I sort of smiled and said: "I'm sorry, my friend, but the only skull I've got here at present is the one on my shoulders. And I hope I'll be using it myself for some time yet."

"Oh, no, no, Padre! Not yours! We need skulls of two bad men who have died recently, and preferably of two murderers."

"Why recently dead, and why preferably murderers?" I countered.

"I guess you don't understand our ways, Padre. Let me tell you about my grandmother; then perhaps you will understand.

"When my grandmother was down at the stream, washing clothes, an envious neighbor stole her fine hammock and hid it. My grandmother was a very intelligent woman: she secured the skull of a murderer who had recently been punished for his crimes. She knew that the murderer, Juan, had been a very wicked man and so his spirit was still prowling the earth, doing penance.

"My grandmother placed his skull between two candles, on a little table, and said, 'Spirit of Juan, go forth and recover my hammock. . .'

"That very night, just a little past midnight, the hammock-stealer suddenly began to groan and jump around. The spirit of Juan was pinching her behind the ankles and plucking hairs from her eyebrows. The thieving woman was so frightened that she dug up the hammock and put it back where it belonged."

I explained to the man that good Catholics do not believe in such superstitions. My visitor was all interest, sporadically punctuating my discourse with, "Yes. Yes. Of course. No doubt. You're right."

Then as he turned to go, he asked, "Do you think that Padre Thomas, down the river, might have any skulls?"

The Maryknoll Roundup

No Time for a Song. "Nocturnal singers make life interesting," reports Father Irwin D. Nugent, a young Maryknoller from Dorchester, Mass., now stationed in Kweilin, China. "A young Chinese, who spoke perfect English," continues Father Nugent, "asked me if he could stay overnight at the mission. I gave him a room — but almost regretted my hospitality when, at midnight and at three in the morning, I was awakened by the sound of his singing. I am still wondering how he could sing in his sleep at such regular hours."



Father Nugent

No Time Limit. "The Chinese tea house is Everyman's Club, where prince and pauper sit side by side on an equal footing," writes Father Joseph P. McGinn, a Maryknoll missionary from Philadelphia, Pa., now stationed in Lintan, China. "The coolie," says Father McGinn, "may drop in for a cup of tea and a bowl of noodles, and find a member of the gentry enjoying a similar repast beside him. The tea house is the center of business deals, intellectual conversations, and even plotting of robberies. There is no time limit on how long a person may



Father McGinn

remain in the tea room; if he orders tea or noodles, he may stay as long as he desires."

Hard Water. "The trouble began," said Father Gordon N. Fritz, a Maryknoll missionary from Newport, Minn.,



Father Fritz

"when a refrigerator was sent to me from the States, Cavinas Indians, in my parish in Bolivia, saw ice for the first time. They refused to believe that it was once plain water. Trying to explain the chemical process of making ice was like trying to teach the Einstein Theory to a child of five. The lesson was interrupted when a little Indian boy shoved an ice cube in his mouth and swallowed it. The result was plenty of howls, much laughter from the bystanders, and a sore stomach for the swallower. I'm afraid these Indians will never understand hard water."

Grandmother Rides Again. "Can you picture a Chinese grandmother of seventy-eight years, riding on the back of a bicycle?" asks Father William J. Eggleston, a Maryknoll missionary from Danvers, Mass., now stationed in Kaying, China. "My catechist," continues Father Eggleston, "had some business for the church in the next village; he took his mother along for the ride. I asked this charming grandmother if she

had ever ridden that way before. With a sly twinkle in her eyes, she answered that she had ridden a bicycle about three years ago — when she was only seventy-five."

The Hard Way. "Recently I started on a sick call to a village I had never heard of before," writes Father



Father McClear

Edmund J. McClear, a missionary from Royal Oak, Mich., now stationed in Guatemala. "I asked a native for directions, and he pointed to a far-off clump of trees on another mountain. Six hours later I reached the clump of trees — but not the village. Passing the trees, I came upon four paths, and took the one that looked least like a river. I had just found a site suitable for camping out for the night, when I heard a series of shouts. Without knowing it, I had finally reached the village, which was covered by a cloud hugging the mountainside.

Feast of Pain. Father James F. McNiff sends word that the people of Chile dedicate one Sunday each

year to pain. Sufferers from all over Chile offer their pain on that day for the missionaries, for unfortunate pagans, and for the Pope. Father McNiff, a Maryknoller from Peabody, Mass., now stationed in Talca, Chile, reports that this Feast of Pain is part of the traditional world-wide Missionary Sunday of the Sick.

Bring Them Back Dead. Brother Fidelis had a hand in killing two wildcats, is the report we received not long ago from the Maryknoll mission in Tanganyika, Africa. Brother Fidelis, who comes from Wyandotte, Mich., is fast gaining fame for killing scorpions. Hardly a day passes without Brother



Brother Fidelis

putting the squeezer on a scorpion — which is all to the good. A scorpion sting really hurts! Brother Fidelis is busy now putting the finishing touches to the Sisters' convent. He has a magic hammer, a magic saw, and the skill of a craftsman. After the convent is finished, Brother will go to Nyegina and set up a carpenter shop there. All carpentry will be in Brother's hands.

1-0

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll ☐ Priest ☐ Brother

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____

Street _____ School _____

City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



LAND OF THE SUN

A PHOTO STORY

PAGEANTRY holds sway even in modern Japan, and much of it is religious. There are over 100,000 Shinto shrines, more than 100,000 Buddhist temples, and numberless wayside religious spots, throughout the nation. Kyoto, with the surrounding territory where Maryknollers work, embraces the strongest centers of Buddhism in Japan. The festival calendar is the main feature in religious life. What contrast between the rich costumes in the photo at the left and the Westernized garb of the children below, with whom Father Robert Waeldner chats!

COLOR PHOTOS BY ROBERT ZAHN

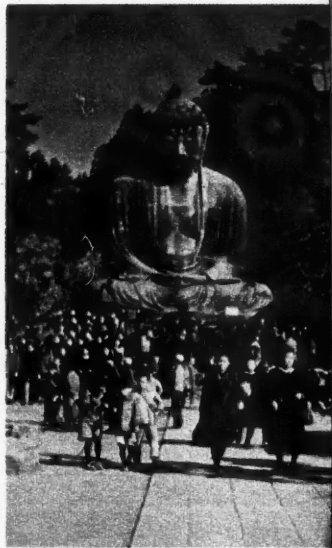


The Old Gods Still Hold Sway IN JAPAN





While the divine origin of the Emperor has been exploded, the Japanese have not renounced their old religions. The priestesses (center) at the famous Nikko shrines still offer sacrifice to pagan gods. Young couples (left) are still wed at the temple by ancient rites. The giant Buddha of Kamakura still draws its thousands of pilgrims.





Sacred mountains are numerous in Japan, but every mother teaches her child that Fujiyama is greatest of all. Mount Fuji is a national symbol; to die honorably, the non-Christian should fix his last thoughts on Fuji.





Japan's future depends on the next few years. Never before in Japanese history has Christianity had so great an opportunity to spread its truth.



Many new converts are being made, like the young women shown here with Fathers Boesflug and McKillop. But how pitifully few are the workers!

"I Will Make You to be Fishers of Men"

OUR LORD SPOKE those words two thousand years ago. You can say them today!

He was talking to certain boatmen, who straightway left their nets and followed Him. They lived with Him, heard His words, watched what he did. And at last, adequately prepared, they went out to obey His command, "Teach ye all nations!"

Down the centuries, other apostolic men have followed in their footsteps. Now, as never before, the mission field, harrowed by postwar suffering, is ready to receive and nurture the seed that Christ's apostles sow.

Hundreds of young Americans are in training at Maryknoll for Our Lord's ministry. By crowding classrooms and dining halls, by putting in double-deck bunks, we have been able to more than double our enrollment in five years. Three hundred additional candidates have applied — and there are more hundreds still to come.

As everyone knows, living costs are high. Food, textbooks, beds, blankets — all the things we use require much money. We have economized, and will continue to do so; but there is a limit to what economy can accomplish.

And so — on one side are the faraway lands, calling for missionaries; and on the other are throngs of young Americans, eager to give their lives to the service of Our Lord. In between, we find Maryknoll, trying to make crowded buildings and insufficient beds, chairs, and blackboards serve too many students. We know that, however many we accept, more will apply in a few months. We know that each prospective missionary means a possible five thousand converts, with the generations of their families after them!

Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been done under God, with your help. We have used your money always — we have none of our own. We can accomplish only what you permit and pay for. Will you say now to our young, would-be apostles, "I will make you to be fishers of men" — and back your promise with a financial sacrifice? Will you fill and mail the form below, NOW?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Here is \$ _____ for the new Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn,
Illinois, to train additional missionaries. I'll send more when I can.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THREE MINUTE Meditation

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."
(Acts ix: 6).

IT'S HARD to imagine anything brighter than the noonday sun. Yet Saul experienced a much brighter light. His own words best describe the event: "It came to pass, as I was drawing nigh to Damascus at midday, that suddenly from heaven there shone round about me a great light" (Acts xxii: 6).

The conversation that followed, between Jesus Christ and Saul, changed the latter completely. Previously Saul had hated Jesus with every ounce of energy. But the last words that he spoke to Jesus showed a change of heart: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Holy Mother the Church does not wish us to forget this conversion. She reminds us of it each year, on January 25.

Saul's conversion started what might be compared to a chain reaction. He was baptized, taking the name of Paul, and became a most zealous missionary. His great journeys for Christ covered most of the then-known world. He gave generously of his sweat, blood, and tears in bringing others to know and love the Saviour. Paul was stoned, beaten with lashes, shipwrecked; but the only means by which he could be stopped from preaching Christ was martyrdom. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution" (II Tim. iii:12).

Conclusion: We might do well to ask: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do to make Your kingdom come?"

The Destiny

THAT GOD USES whole nations in His providential plans to improve the world and elevate mankind is one of the conspicuous facts of history; and thrice blessed are those lands that have been His faithful co-operators in the vital undertaking. Such countries are world benefactors. By entering generously into the designs of God and giving of their substance to further His cause, they have aided other peoples and nations and have changed and improved vast areas and whole continents. This was not primarily because they were powerful and great or possessed abundant means, but because their people responded more readily and fully to the noble obligations of their Christian heritage. Charity becomes nations as well as individuals. And those countries that have been active in spreading the Faith have exercised a corporate charity, which is their surest title to national greatness.

ALL CHRISTIAN NATIONS have taken some part in the great world task of uplifting their fellow men. But some of the smallest nations have made the largest contributions to the spread of the Faith — which is the only sure and permanent way to uplift anybody.

Palestine itself was an obscure and tiny place when it brought hope to the world by preparing the way of the Lord and budding forth the Saviour. A very small country gave us the first Gentile converts, the great Greek Fathers, and hosts of conquering martyrs. It is stating sober historical fact when Ireland is pointed out as the benefactor of all Christian Europe, its great saints and missionaries of the early centuries having put the whole con-

of America

continent in its debt by their pioneering, far-reaching apostolate. Europe would not have been the same without Ireland.

When it was time to open up a whole new world and reclaim it for God, Portugal's turn came to do great things against great odds and with very limited resources. Its sons swarmed out over unknown seas to expend two long centuries of hardy effort in advancing the frontiers of Christian civilization. Portugal was a small country but rich in faith; it knew its time of greatness. Belgium and Holland are two striking modern examples of the same spirit and the same extraordinary accomplishment. Tiny in population and extent, both these well-developed and highly cultured countries have long supplied, and are supplying vigorously today, their sizable quotas of missionaries.

OUR OWN LAND has only recently taken its place alongside the great mission-minded countries of the past and present. It has the assets to make a stirring contribution, if only it has the generosity to utilize them. No other country was ever so abundantly blessed in a material way, and perhaps no other ever had such a corresponding spiritual obligation. We hope the American Dream will always include the disinterested service of all mankind as well as the self-interested development of America's own immense potentialities. Our country's mission work could be the finest realization of its ideals, the truest expression of its broad and generous spirit. God uses whole nations as His instruments in dispensing His blessings throughout His world-wide family. May He deign to use America!

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

IT APPEARS odd to North Americans to see women wearing derbies. But our missionaries assure us that among the Indian women of Bolivia (like the ones on our cover) derbies are right in style. A woman wearing a derby on Fifth Avenue would cause no more of a sensation than an American woman's hat would create among Bolivian Indians.



The Nurse

by Mary I. Beck

I WAS PRETTY SICK when my folks put me in the International Hospital in Hankow, China. I was a long way from everything. I felt tired, so tired that I got the idea that it would be nice to give up. So I turned my head into the pillow and started down a long, dim corridor that echoed softer and softer until all sounds of footfalls died away. But something annoyed me into coming back: A voice that kept saying, "Breathe! Breathe!" in an exasperating tone, like bleating.

I opened my eyes to see a face looking at me out of the mist. It was the broad, clean, shiny-skinned face of a nun. She was ugly in a way, but something about her gave me heart. She looked so unbending, as though she held no compromise with anything as stupid as dying. I began to get well right away.

I learned, in a mixture of French and Chinese and English which we spoke, that she was called Sister Elizabeth, and that she was Belgian. She was one of the three nurses in the whole hospital.

It seemed to me that Sister Elizabeth never slept. She was always there to turn me in the bed. She came every time I rang the bell. She put a pot of red lilies against the far wall for me to look at. She brought a new baby to show me one

night, a miracle that squealed like a little pig, and she was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

One time she was gone all afternoon, and when she came back she was rested; she looked almost beautiful. I told her that she ought to sleep more often. She smiled. She hadn't been sleeping; she had been in the chapel upstairs. I asked her what the chapel was for. She said that it had candles and the Virgin Mary's image, and a place to kneel and pray.

After that, when the windows were open, I could sometimes hear, above a man's endless, terrible coughing, the sweet, quiet chanting in the chapel, and the reedy notes of the little pump-organ.

After I was much better, Sister Elizabeth propped me up and spent a long time getting all the snarls out of my hair, that had grown long while I was sick. I hated having her do it, though she was gentle and patient.

The next day she brought in a faded ribbon. She must have saved it from a patient's candy box long ago. It was horrible. She tied my hair back with it, in a bow. I could hardly leave it on until she had gone from the room. Then I tore it off. I couldn't bear to have anyone fuss with my hair, even Sister Elizabeth.

The next day I asked her if she could get a barber to cut my hair. When I was just a little bit better, she said. That day I jerked the comb away from her and combed my own hair.

"You will soon be well," said Sister Elizabeth. She leaned over me to put another pillow behind me, and that was when it happened. The starched white band she wore around her head slipped back as she leaned over me. I could see the skin of Sister Elizabeth's head shining through a fine, shaved stubble. Then I no longer wondered why she got so much pleasure in fixing my hair; she had none of her own!

The next day I asked, "Will you comb my hair?" Sister Elizabeth looked at me sharply and felt my pulse, but there was nothing wrong. She combed my hair gently, and curled the ends over her finger. After that she always did my hair for me. It was getting very long, but I didn't have it cut. I thought I would just wait until I was out of the hospital.

One day Sister Elizabeth crumpled up in a heap just inside my door. I rang the bell fiercely, and the Mother Superior came running. They carried Sister out, chattering and shaking their heads. I seemed to have known it all along; Sister Elizabeth's battle with death in the rooms of the hospital was victorious because she had a long acquaintance with death within the gaunt frame of her own body.

She was back again the next day, as calm as ever. "Why don't you go somewhere and rest?" I asked her.

Miss Mary Beck was born in China, has poignant memories of the time she spent under the tender nursing care of Sister M. Elizabeth, a Belgian missionary Sister, in the International Hospital at Hankow, China. Sister Elizabeth did much more than nurse Miss Beck's sick body; she administered, in her own quiet way, medicine to her patient's soul.

"I tried. There I was not happy." I knew that it was true. She could never rest.

One day I was allowed to get into a ricksha to go to the boat that was to take me to Shanghai where I would rejoin my folks. Sister Elizabeth stood in the doorway as I got in the ricksha. Her face was gray. I wanted to throw myself into her arms and cry, but I only smiled brightly and waved to her. I knew she was dying. She smiled her calm, pale smile. Only her eyes were alive as ever — clear and brown and calm, great depths of peace were there.

When I got to Shanghai, I bound my hair about my head instead of cutting it. Perhaps I will never cut it. Perhaps the first thing I will do when I get back to the States is to go to a church and ask for a Mass for Sister Elizabeth. I don't know anything about those things, you know. I've never been inside a Catholic church. But I want to do it somehow, and I wouldn't feel right at a Mass for Sister Elizabeth with my hair cut short.

The Maryknoll Family

COUSIN NELLIE paid us another call a little while ago. She has been coming to Maryknoll for many years. The first time she was here she took the trolley, since abolished, to the foot of our hill and, young and strong though she was, she was out of breath when she had climbed to the top, for she was carrying a box of candlesticks.

This time she left with us a letter she has treasured for twenty years. It was written her by Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's co-founder, in 1928.

"One paragraph I have read a thousand times, it's so beautiful," said Cousin Nellie. We rather liked it too. It goes, "Have you ever made a long sea voyage? In any event, dream a little on it; see your ship on the Pacific, and in your place put the Maryknollers who this month are crossing to Eastern Asia. The pangs of parting, the ocean's ups and downs will be theirs. At the journey's end is a field to harvest. Please pray for them."

Cousin Nellie is one of our old and dear friends. She belongs to a goodly company that is scattered all over the United States.

TYPICAL OF THOSE with long Maryknoll connections is Father Daniel A. Dwyer of Elmhurst, Long Island. Father Dwyer first made a visit almost a quarter of a century ago. When he came up recently he had many Maryknollers to inquire about

for St. Bartholomew's Parish has given us generously of its sons and daughters. There are, first of all, Father Herbert Elliott, now in South China, and Father Michael McKillop, now in Japan. With Father Dwyer were Father Elliott's sister and Father McKillop's brother, who became man and wife in matrimony when Herbert and Michael received the sacrament of Holy Orders. There are several Elmhurst students at the Knoll while three sodality girls of St. Bartholomew's are now Maryknoll Sisters. "The Holy Ghost is certainly with you," observed Father Dwyer. May He breathe sweetly over St. Bartholomew's.

IN 1949, AS IN 1948, members of the senior class at West Point took up lodgings at Maryknoll over a week-end and made a retreat. Cadet gray mingled with the black soutane in chapel, corridor and on many a seminary pathway. "Never felt so lifted up," wrote one of the West Pointers later.

Odds and Ends

ST. THERESE OF LISIEUX and Blessed Theophane Venard are both liked at Maryknoll because they bespoke joy and affection. "There are young saints who are presented to us as always serious, even during recreation. But he was always gay. Theophane Venard is a little saint; his life is quite ordinary," wrote

There. "He loved his family very much. I also love my family. I cannot understand saints who do not love their family." And at Maryknoll we cannot understand missionaries who do not love their family.

OF COURSE, love of family is but one small phase in a deeply formed spiritual life. Bishop Walsh, Maryknoll's founder, liked to emphasize prayer.

"We Americans are often spoken of as gauging all things by the standard of money," he said on one occasion. "This estimate of us was once so common that even our Catholic conferees in Europe could visualize no other form of mission cooperation from Americans except money. We resent this estimate of us. Already there is a change of heart towards Catholic Americans, whose representatives have shown themselves worthy of the best apostolic traditions. That we are influenced to some degree by the importance which Americans generally place on money, most of us will readily admit, and we will likewise admit a danger to our spiritual development in emphasizing money needs rather than in first seeking the Kingdom of God.

"The Apostolate of Christ was expressed above all by prayer. To Him, while on earth, can be traced few converts, but His hours of prayer

have produced results that have changed the face of the earth."

MARYKNOLL FRIENDS PRAY; we have plenty of proof of that. They likewise know the value of material sacrifice. "We have so often experienced God's kindly aid after making even a small contribution to God's work," writes Mrs. B. of Dearborn, Michigan, "that my husband and I no longer regard it as a mere coincidence. Hence the enclosed gift goes to you not only because you need it but also because it will bring us a blessing. There is added satisfaction in the feeling that Maryknoll is one of the very best administrators of God's dollars."

Letter of the Month

Thousands of interesting letters come to us monthly. The following is voted the "letter of the month."

DEAR FATHERS,

Once again we are renewing our subscription. The Maryknoll magazine means more to us now than ever, for our little son aged seven, can enjoy the beautiful pictures. In the evening I read him the stories. We have laughed over many of them and cried a little too. We both loved "Goodby, my Wonder Horse" with its gripping tale of how Father McClear lost his beloved Rosillo. Thanks to your book my son is learning about these marvelous priests who lead such lonely and difficult and even dangerous lives off in the far places of the earth.

This is our first year as farmers and money has been pretty scarce. Last night my little boy saw your yellow envelope on the table. "Mom, what is this for?" he asked. When I explained that it was for The Field Afar, he insisted that we use the last dollar of the money "Gramps" gave him for Christmas, to pay for the subscription.

Sincerely,

M.B.S., Minnesota



The Kids on the Beach

Talca's Padres Spend a Busy Summer

by Jerome P. Garvey

HOW SHOULD you like to play chaperon and nursemaid for a month to 221 youngsters, each one with the energy of an untamed bronco? That's exactly the number and kind of poor children whom we took to the seashore on vacation this year.

Each summer, on the shores of the Pacific, the Institute of Leo XIII, of Talca, Chile, conducts a summer camp for children of poor families. Father James V. Manning began this work as part of his social efforts in behalf of Talca's poor. Now he has a few Maryknollers assisting him.

The first camp session this year was for girls — 98 of them. The camp site is at Constitucion, and the children live in a big warehouse that is used to store equipment for erecting a breakwater. The man in charge of building the breakwater, generously allows us to use the building, and he always has it swept and garnished for our coming.

When we arrived at Constitucion this year, after a train ride (the first for many of our youngsters), we found everything arranged to perfection. Walls of seagrass had been hung to serve as partitions; water faucets had been installed; a section was set off as a dining room, and another for daily Mass.

Our first business was to set up the cots we brought. Try it sometime with a gang of kids around! As soon as we opened a bed, and before we had time to put in supporting pieces, some lassie hopped on it and claimed it as her own.

Next day after Mass, we distributed bathing suits, as these girls are too poor to own such extras. We had about thirty new suits, and others that remained from last year. Every girl wanted a new one and preferred a certain color! Finally we got the crowd down to the beach, and then had to watch them every moment, lest one or more disappear under a wave.



Every day thereafter, we let the girls tire themselves out on the beach, and then we herded them to the house for lunch. All had exceptional appetites, and it was a pleasure to see the food disappear. Probably never before had those youngsters eaten so much! With the good food and the vitamin pills we doled out each day, our charges put on weight fast.

After lunch we usually took the campers on a hike, oftentimes going

through town. There the people would stand in amazement at the sight of so many children marching in line, all garbed alike, with the Institute insignia sewed to their dresses. Before supper, the girls returned to the beach for a short swim. Later in the evening, we had a song fest and native dances, until time for bed. Thus passed the ten days of the vacation period.

But this is only half the story. After we got the girl campers safely



For the majority, their first vacation, first train ride, first good food

back in Talca, we started off the next day with a hundred boys.

This time our arrival at Constitution was easier. Cots were already set up, so it didn't take too long to get our boys settled. They proved easier to entertain than girls. We had brought footballs and boxing-gloves, and they played to their hearts' content. The boys were more trouble on the beach, however, because there were always a few brave ones who wanted to swim out too far.

When Father Wellinghoff brought some lads from Curepto, our group swelled to 123. Then boys of the town asked if they could play football and basketball games against our lads. We lost only one game during the entire vacation period.

Providentially there were no serious accidents. Two campers came down with mumps, and for a time we feared an epidemic. But after the two sick boys had been taken to the hospital, there were no more cases.

On the return trip, we carried a load of kelp, or seaweed, back to Talca with us. Kelp is a favorite Chilean dish. It has a heavy iodine content, and the people eat it to supplement their vitamin-deficient foods. The Chileans consider this seaweed a nice dish; I don't.

The way the campers gathered the kelp had been a bother to the priests in charge. The boys used to swim out into the surf. Then, in the trough between waves, they would snatch the seaweed off exposed rocks. We had to stay on the alert lest any swimmer

misjudge the waves and be washed away.

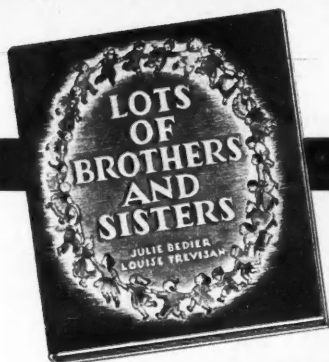
We had intended to return to the camp right after getting the boys back to Talca. But the doctors advised us to fumigate the place because of the two cases of mumps. The delay involved was welcome!

We know now that we can accommodate one hundred youngsters for each camp period. Handling any more than that is too difficult. Next year we shall take more boys and girls to the beach, we hope; but we plan to extend the camp season so as to take the vacationists in smaller groups.

Now that the vacation season is over, we are trying to increase the facilities of the Institute. We look forward to an enlarged enrollment in our schools for workers. A new recreation room is being built, and the men and their families will be invited to use it for Sunday dances. The people have no place for relaxation on Sunday, except the local cantinas, or saloons.

Candidates for Maryknoll should make early application for admission. For booklets on the priesthood or the brotherhood or for information write the Vocational Director, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

House Boy Unafraid. Terror paralyzed the flock of the Dutch Franciscan, Father Leonidas Bruns, when North China Communists publicly beat him to death. But the missionary's houseboy never lost his courage. Imperiling his own life, he went to the Communist leader and claimed the slain priest's body. Then he wrapped it in a blanket, for want of a coffin, and buried it.



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Baptism is only the beginning



Many a Convert Stubs His Toe

by John J. Tierney

LEADING A CHINESE from the worship of false gods to that of the One True God is a long and tedious process. Those not familiar with missionary work think that, once a man is baptized, he is safely settled in the Church.

The Chinese gentleman who signifies a desire to enter the Church is accepted as a catechumen. He leaves his native village to take up residence at the mission center for three months. There he hears Mass every morning, studies the doctrine during the day, and after evening rice comes to the chapel for night prayers.

After this short but intensive period of instruction, he is baptized. The new Christian is presented with some holy pictures, a rosary, and a crucifix. The priest blesses the man's home after the hideous faces of the door god, the fire god of the kitchen, and all the superstitious paraphernalia have been removed. On his first evening at home, the convert assembles his family for night prayers, which custom says must be recited aloud. The neighbors hear — and an audience gathers, some to laugh, others to condemn. From then on, the new Christian stands apart from

his clan in the matter of worship.

Soon comes a day for the distribution of pork by the clan officials. Unfortunately, this is preceded by

adoration of the spirits in the clan temple. Our new Christian is so poor that most of his meals are meatless. His fatherly heart is

touched by the remembrance of how his children have looked forward to pork on the table. But his new-found Faith forbids the eating of meat that has been offered to idols.

Sickness strikes down his favorite son, and a local doctor is called in. The doctor tells the father that his son is sick because the nail that holds up the crucifix was driven into the eyes of a spirit, who now seeks revenge.

His daughter is now of age to get married, but there is no suitable Catholic boy in the neighborhood. His son is also eligible to take a wife, and former associates ask if he has called a soothsayer to read the girl's facial angles and ascertain if she is likely to kill her husband. No, all that may not be done because he is a Catholic.

A baby girl was born in the convert's family recently. A former friend, a fortune teller, warns the new Christian that the infant will destroy his health and prosperity

if it is allowed to live. But the new Faith says that the girl may not be killed for any cause.

Our new Christian stands abso-

lutely alone. Only his faith in God, and the careful guidance of God's representative, can carry him along. Previously he adored an idol as

The mission fields and Maryknoll at home have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your gift "stringless."

We prefer such.

big as himself; now he must put his entire Faith in a God he cannot see. For him the future holds no "lucky" days for plowing, sowing, reaping, building, or starting on a journey. For he knows that every day and everything man has are gifts from Almighty God.

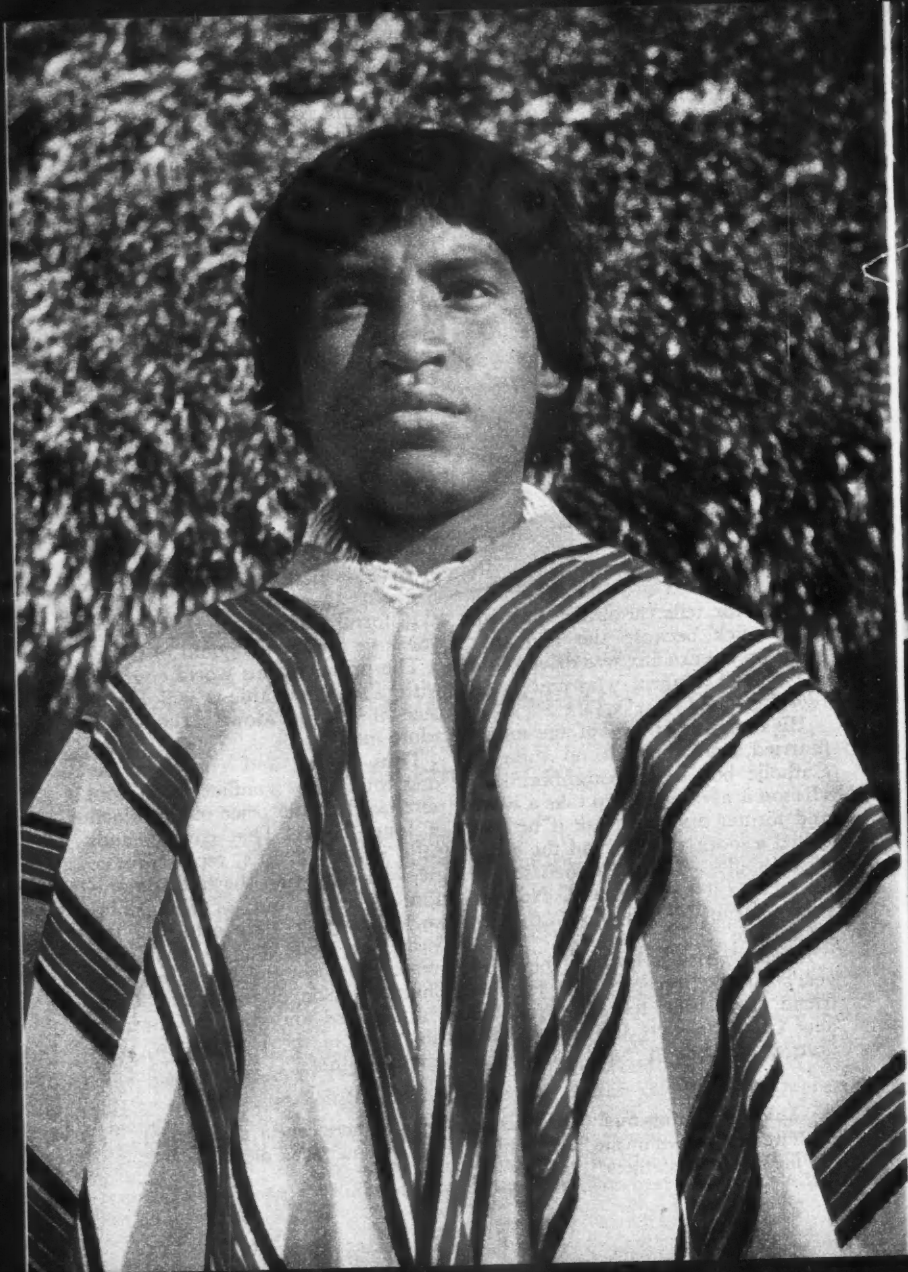
If fortune fails him, he is told, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

The prince of this world counters with, "All these things will I give thee if, falling down, thou wilt adore me!"

Thus begins and continues the long and bitter conflict for a soul purchased at the price of the Blood of Jesus Christ. That conflict ends only when Christ's representative gives his Christian the last admonition: "Depart out of this sinful world, O Christian soul, in the Name of God the Father, Who created thee; in the Name of Jesus Christ the Son of the Living God, who suffered and died for thee; in the Name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee."

Love Is Contagious. "In a sense, religion is more caught than taught. Fire is enkindled by fire, zeal by zeal, and love for our fellow men by beholding this love in others."

— A Missioner



FIRST ONES

SCHOLARS once believed that all American Indians came across the Bering Strait to Alaska, and from there spread through the two continents. But later it became evident that some tribes had hopped the islands to the tip of South America. It now seems sure that still other tribes landed near Central America, directly from the Pacific islands. In South America in particular, thousands of primitive Indians still resist our civilization and live in a world apart.

COLOR PHOTOS BY VICTOR VON HAGEN





WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

HERE are people engaged in everyday occupations found in their countries. The answers are not easy and when you've had enough guessing, turn to page 46. Score yourself 10 points for each country or region guessed correctly, and 10 points for correct occupations. Maryknollers work in each region represented here.



AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

Vanity Fair in Africa. "We went on our weekly shopping errand to Tarime, the county seat of North Mara in Africa," writes Sister Catherine Maureen. The natives around Tarime, members of the Bakura tribe, are quite a contrast to our simple Luo people. The Bakuras are more picturesque both in dress and bodily mutilation.

"One of their customs is to pull the ear lobes of the very young children into grotesque shapes, and then adorn the ears with huge metal earrings. Another of their customs is to encase the arms of the women at different places in metal bracelets about six inches wide. The bracelets are never removed and the arm gradually puffs out around them.

"We have found every tribe, no matter how strange its customs, remarkably kind and friendly. The people seem to have an innate sense of the 'charity that ought to reign among men.'"

"After language class this afternoon," continues Sister Maureen, "we walked down a narrow foot path near the convent and, in a few minutes, found ourselves at a pagan village, encircled by a high hedge, which had hitherto escaped our notice.

"Several of the women in this village came running to meet us and all were very cordial in their greetings. Pagan charms and trinkets were much in evidence among the women, and our rosaries and crucifixes quickly caught their attention. Perhaps, when we have added a few more words to our vocabulary, we can pay another visit to our neighbors and enlarge on our explanation of the Crucifix."

Not Yet. The Maryknoll Sisters working in Kowloon, China, are careful to baptize only dying babies on their daily visits to the Kwong Wah hospital. But sometimes, the Sisters' cal-

Love Makes Wise

Sister Anne Therese asked one of the boys in her catechism class why God made him.

"Because He wanted a friend," replied the little one.

Looking at his winning smile, Sister Therese wondered if he might not be right!

— Japanese Mission
Seattle, Washington

culations go wrong and babies, who should be on their way to play with the angels, turn around and remain in this vale of tears. Then the Sisters have to search out the family and make them understand that their young one is now a child of God.

Not long ago the Sisters had to go on such an errand to a village which was inaccessible by land because of bandits. They went by sampan and when they arrived no one seemed to know the family, until an old woman breaking stones on the road volunteered the information that the family lived miles away in another village.

Again the Sisters boarded the sampan and continued on their way to the correct village. After landing, they walked a mile or so through fields of mustard until they found the home of the baby they had baptized. Soon both father and mother came in from the fields where they had been picking vegetables and the Sisters explained their errand.

The parents seemed pleased with the visit. They offered tea to the Sisters and begged them to come again. The Sisters promised to re-

QUIZ ANSWERS: 1. Japan, pearl fishing. 2. Latin America, making adobe bricks. 3. Korea, ironing clothes. 4. Bolivia, tapping rubber. 5. African witch doctor of work.

turn; they wish to keep a watchful eye on this laddie.

No Advertising Needed. Sister Veronica Marie writes from Kyoto, Japan: "You should have seen our doorstep a week ago Sunday, 62 pairs of shoes lined up on the stoop. We held a retreat, a half-day one, for young girls. We had done no advertising, just told the religion pupils that there would be a retreat. Only 24 were expected.

"Sister Talitha opened the retreat with a talk explaining the exercises. Sister Eva directed the rest of the afternoon through spiritual reading, rosary, and choir rehearsal.

"Father McKillop brought the retreat to a close with a conference. We had to take the doors out of the chapel along the inside hallway and Father had to vest in our refectory to get out through the crowd. He was as much astounded as we were at the number present."

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister. I understand there is nothing binding about this promise.



A Maryknoll Sister makes recess interesting by teaching Bolivian youngsters a new game. Rags and tatters clothe their bodies but their little hearts are warmed by the knowledge that God and His Mother love them.



Sister Catherine Maureen (right) knows that this laundry woman is a Luo. Like all members of the Luo tribe in East Africa, her six lower central teeth were removed when she was a child. Some of the customs of the natives are rather gruesome.





MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

in desperate need of being saved. It is not too late for others. Give \$25 for medicine today!

Bargain Gift. A \$5 purchase of seeds, planted and cultivated in a missionary's garden, will produce \$50 worth of vegetables. Make a big gift for a little money!

Human Truck — such is a Chinese baggage carrier, who transports all a missionary must have to say Mass in outlying districts. Only by the carrier's aid, can the sacraments reach thousands of Christians. Will you spare \$5 to pay him?

Confession means as much to Indians as to you. Who will buy a confessional for a Maryknoll mission in Mexico? The confessional will cost only \$20.

Look out! That is too easy, at one of our Bolivian churches, for it has no windows — only holes in the walls. Windows will cost \$25 each, glazed; eight are needed. Please help us get them!

They Can Stand It — having no benches to sit upon at Mass; but our Guatemalans prefer that their church should be like other churches. Twenty benches are needed at \$5 each. Who will give one — two — five — ten — or more?

He Died for \$25. At least, if a certain Maryknoll mission in China had had that much money to spend for medicine, the sick man might have been saved. And many Chinese like the one who died are

Priests are scarce in Africa. But one good catechist, under the direction of a priest, can contact nearly 1,000 people a month. Father Collins wishes to hire a dozen catechists, but he must find \$15 to support each one. Can you help?

Sanctuary Lamps. A year's supply of oil for the Kweilin mission in China will cost \$25. The offering will be consumed before the Blessed Sacrament.

The Blind. "Agnes, should you like to see?" "No, because this way is God's will — but I hope to see His holy Mother." "You will, Agnes, never fear!" (Conversation in China between a blind girl and a Maryknoll missionary.) Help China's sightless. Monthly care for one unfortunate costs only \$5.

What Good Is a Ruined Church? No good — but repairs, at only a small fraction of the original cost, will make one South American ruin a center of Christian teaching for its community. How else could you better spend \$100?

"I earned my living." Many Chinese refugees, begging for help, tell us that before the war they were prosperous. They are able people in temporary hard luck. Can you help us help them? Whatever you can spare — \$1 — \$5 — \$10 — will be gratefully received.







A New Year Suggestion

IN MARYKNOLL SEMINARIES in the United States, hundreds of young men are training for mission work in China, Korea, Japan, Africa, Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile and the Hawaiian Islands.

They depend in large measure on good people like yourself. We are looking for benefactors who wish to have a share in training to be priests those young men who lack sufficient funds to pay the cost of their training. No worthy candidate is ever refused. This charity may appeal to you and your friends.

The young man whom you "back" will represent you and Our Lord on the mission field, by preaching, teaching, baptizing; by feeding the hungry, by giving comfort to those in need. You will share in his Masses, his prayers, his work, his reward.

It costs about \$500 a year to educate and train each student. You may wish to support a student for a full year or for part of the year. Any offering large or small will assist a young man on his path to the altar — and the missions.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



Two out of every ten people in the world are on the borderline of starvation. Our charity must go "all out" so that no man goes hungry.

